

LOSES THE SAVINGS OF THIRTY YEARS.

Now at the Age of Eighty-six
Dederick Hamel Lives in
a Squalid Cellar.

He Is Full of Hope, for He Believes a
Fine House He Once Owned
Will Be His Again.

SAYS THE LAWYERS GOT IT ALL.

The Lawyers Declare He Is Simply Dream-
ing, but He Is Pinning His Hopes
to a Decision of the Court
of Appeals.

In the cellar of No. 532 West Forty-ninth street, surrounded by old boxes, barrels and storeroom truck, lives a gentle-faced old man, a victim of misfortune, according to his own story, yet full of hope for the future. He is Dederick Hamel, a native of Hanover, Germany, and is eighty-six years of age.

This old man, whose companions are rats and mice, has begun an action for the recovery of a house and lot at Forty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, which he says he once owned, and which, there is no doubt, he still thinks is rightly his.

"I came to New York from Germany in 1848," said Hamel yesterday, "and have lived in this neighborhood ever since. I kept a grocery store in Tenth avenue, and by hard work and frugal living managed to save enough money to buy a house and lot at Forty-ninth street and Tenth avenue. It represented the fruits of thirty years' toil. I wanted some ready money at one time and borrowed \$9,000, giving a mortgage on the property.

At this point in his story, a story which he delights to repeat, the old man's eyes always flash it is in great anger that he mentions the names of a law firm in this city which several years ago was known as Wright & Culver. His charge is that, although he gave these lawyers a certain sum of money to pay the interest on the mortgage, the interest was not paid, and that in consequence he lost his property.

He explains that, although he brought suit in the Court of Common Pleas to annul this foreclosure sale and won his case, the lawyers at once took the matter to the Court of Appeals, where it now is.

Benjamin Wright and Weeks W. Culver have not been partners for ten years. Mr. Wright is brother of Correction Commissioner Wright, and has his office in the Potter Building, No. 50 Park Row. He emphatically denied yesterday that there is any foundation for the old man's charge against him and his former partner. He admits that the suit went against them in the Common Pleas Court, but says that was simply because they could not at that time find, as they have since done, the receipt which they received from the holder of the mortgage at the time they paid the interest for Mr. Hamel. Lawyer William F. Handel, of No. 114 Nassau Street, has taken up Mr. Hamel's case.

The old man's present quarters are certainly a veritable paradise for rats and mice. He apologizes for the hole he calls his home by stating that it is only temporary. He has an honest face. He begs for work and seems to dread the thought of becoming an object of charity. He says he is strong and can take care of himself if he can only get work to do.

POLICEMEN HELPED HER.

Sympathy for Mrs. Marshall, Who Was
Turned Out of Her Home for Being
Six Days Behind on Her Rent.

Edward Marshall, who, with his wife and
three children, was turned out of his apart-

ments at No. 15 Cherry street, Thursday evening, because he was six days behind in his rent, was in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday. The wife and children, who were locked up as vagrants at the Oak Street Station, this being the only way Captain Ryan could give them a night's lodging, were promptly discharged by Magistrate Simms, and the family left the court in search of apartments. Marshall has secured employment.

The policemen attached to the Oak Street Station were so much touched by Marshall's story, which they investigated and found true in every detail, that they collected \$12 among them and gave it to Mrs. Marshall.

Grand Jury Considers Excise Cases.
The grand jury yesterday finished work on the excise cases submitted by the District Attorney. Fifty cases were brought in, but only forty were considered. Indictments will be returned against at least a dozen of the alleged offenders.



Living Alone in a Cellar at the Age of Eighty-six.

This old man, Dederick Hamel, put the savings of thirty years into a house and lot in this city. He was obliged to mortgage the property, and maintains that he lost it through the conduct of his lawyers. He has won a suit against the attorneys, and is now living in a wretched cellar while awaiting a decision from the Court of Appeals.

KILLED BY "RAINES BILL."

Harlem Contractor Gives His Horse that
Name and Is Killed So Badly
That He Dies.

James Maloney, a wealthy young contractor, of No. 413 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, died yesterday from the effects of a horse's kick. Maloney's stable is on One Hundred and Seventeenth street, just east of Pleasant avenue, where he has about twenty horses. Two weeks ago he purchased a handsome big bay from a man named Devine, in East Fifty-third street, for \$150. He was so much pleased with the appearance of the animal that he decided not to use him for trucking purposes, but to keep him for his own driving. He named the horse "Raines Bill."

The horse was put in a large stall at the front of the stable, where there is a pump. A week ago last evening, when the stable men went to feed the horses, "Raines Bill" was found to be in a vicious mood. He was biting the manger, kicking the side of the stall, and squealing. Mr. Maloney happened to enter the stable at that moment, and was told by the groom that the horse had gone mad.

"Phaw!" replied the owner. "He's only suffering from the effects of the hot weather. I'll cool him off with a drink." Mr. Maloney filled the bucket with water and put it under the horse's nose. The animal took a few sallows. Then he suddenly grabbed Maloney by the shoulder and threw him to the side of the stall. The man had hardly regained his feet, when the crazy horse kicked him in the right side with both hind hoofs.

Maloney, who was thrown across the stable into another stall, exclaimed: "I guess I'm done for."

He was taken to his home, Dr. J. P. Lyon, of No. 231 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, found that the man was hurt internally. He grew worse, and his physician decided that an operation alone could save his life. The operation was performed by Dr. Lyon, assisted by Dr. John Dwyer, of No. 182 East One Hundred and Eleventh street. It seemed at first successful, but the man did not rally.

PUBLIC WORKMEN USED LIKE BEASTS.

Made to Sleep in Horse Stalls
on the Old Jerome Park
Race Course.

Disease and Death Prevail, and Physi-
cians Fear an Epidemic
May Break Out.

HORRORS AT A NEW RESERVOIR SITE.

Doctors at Fordham Hospital Say Hu-
manity Requires That the New
York Board of Health Shall
Take Action.

A disgraceful state of things exists in the colony of workmen employed on the new reservoir being erected for the city at Jerome Park. Within the jurisdiction of the New York Board of Health is a hotbed of disease which competent physicians declare must, in the hot months, become a pest hole where dangerous epidemics may be hatched. During the last ten days half a dozen deaths have been recorded in this colony of 450 workers. Medical men say this fatality is not only due to the unsanitary state of the places where these people are housed, but that, in almost every instance where death has occurred, it has been largely due to inattention and neglect.

It is said that no less than three thousand additional men are to be sent to this death trap at the beginning of the coming week, and no further provisions have been made for their accommodation. The men are taxed 1 per cent of their wages for medical attendance, and the contractor now proposes to establish a uniform rate of 50 cents per capita for medical treatment of the men, which, should their number reach 3,000, would amount to \$1,500 a month. At the back of the old race course, at Jerome Park, extensive excavations are being made for a huge reservoir to be connected with the Croton aqueduct works. The contract was let by the city to McDonald, of Baltimore. For some time past about 500 men in all, have been constrained to live at the site of their work. The stables and horse-boxes of the old racing association have been converted into "board-ing-houses." There are no sanitary arrangements whatever, and the little improvised village has become a foul den of disease.

FILTHY STABLES TO SLEEP IN.

The stables utilized as living and sleeping rooms were erected in 1890 and are rickety, tumble-down shacks, full of gaps and cracks. When the Italians took possession not one scrap of whitewashing was done. They were in precisely the same condition as when deserted by the horses at the close of the last racing season, in the fall of 1894. So they remain to-day, with the additional accumulation of offensive features growing from an all-Winter occupation by the laborers. About six of these stable sheds only are used to shelter the rest of laborers, many of whom have their wives with them. "It is difficult to imagine how the Winter has been passed without a greater degree of mortality," said Dr. W. W. Scott, house surgeon of the Fordham Hospital yesterday, "and while the cold weather has been productive of much pneumonia, the hot weather cannot fail to bring dysentery, some form of fever, cholera or smallpox."

Within the sheds yesterday were found camp beds, with here and there a sheet and pillow. Many had bare and stained mattresses. Over this colony of crazy dwellings and the crowd of poor laborers, as contrasted medical officer, presides Dr. Glidersleeve, a brother to Judge Henry Glidersleeve, of the Supreme Court. The Doctor's office is in the old clubhouse on the hill. At the back of this, in an outbuilding or shed, is his surgery or operating room. Within this bare room yesterday nothing could be found but one bottle of iodoform, a stretcher and an assortment of pills of various sorts. In consequence of the number of dying patients who were being sent to the Fordham Hospital from the reservoir works, Dr. Glidersleeve, of the hospital staff, visited the place three days ago and made an investigation. Yesterday he told the story thus:

"I was not able to stay in the shanties long," he said. "It was as much as a man's life was worth to do so, their condition is so terrible. In one small horse box I found twenty-five men and one woman sheltered. They were upon dirty mattresses and the ventilation was very poor. I learned that the woman was boarding mistress. A man named Cattaberry said to be a wealthy man and owns a number of horses. In one of his huts I found a man who had been sent to us a few days before. We had attended him, but, thinking he had a home, we had sent him away. He lay there very sick

with no one to attend him. He had suffered from pleurisy, but pneumonia had developed, complicated with Bright's disease. That same night we had an ambulance call for him. He is now dying in one of the hospital wards. He is an American named George McDonald."

"In another 'boarding house' I found over half a dozen men, and three horses. A thin partition only separated them. In the doctor's office, or operating room, there were no antiseptic appliances whatever. A little carbonated gas was all I saw. Upon the table was a pair of rusty scissors, and an axe stood in a corner. The doctor was away, but I found a boy of seventeen named Harry Howard, who said he was in charge in Dr. Glidersleeve's absence. He told me that he attended to all the accident cases. He said he washed the blood away, put on a bit of iodoform and a bandage and they were all right. 'I dressed these cases to-day,' he said. A scarp wound, a lacerated finger and a hip wound. He stated that he had no medical training, but Dr. Glidersleeve had told him 'quite a lot.'"

An Epidemic Threatened.
Dr. W. W. Scott, of Fordham Hospital, spoke bitterly of the way in which the sick laborers were being dumped upon his institution.

"I have tried to keep my death rate as low as possible," he said, "and the hospital has had an excellent record, but in the last ten days matters have become intolerable as cases from this place come rolling in. Six patients have been sent here during that time, each suffering from pneumonia. They have always been in a moribund state."

"Four weeks ago Frank McDonald, a carpenter, got a slight abrasion on the middle finger. It was a very slight cut and only needed proper attention, but I was informed that the young medical assistant, stayed in in a part of water and bound it up anyhow. When the carpenter came here he had a frightful hand. We cut the finger off, and were only just in time. In a few hours it would have been a case of amputation the whole arm. It was solely due to improper primary treatment. There is no sanitation, and I predict smallpox as a certainty. One case of that type and our hospital would be quarantined, and rendered useless to fulfill its proper mission."

Dr. Glidersleeve, the contract surgeon, said: "The men are properly attended to, and the young man here is not my assistant at all. He attends to my horses and looks after the office. It is true that I got 1 per cent of this man's wages, but I do not think it too much. It only amounts to \$140 a month. The contractors wrote me to take 50 cents a head, but I cannot agree to that. I am going to have an assistant down here in a few days. When the press of laborers is increased, I have four or five rooms in my house here for the accommodation of sick men. There are none at present."

Superintendent Reed, who is in charge of the works for the contractors, said: "One man is mostly Italian, and it is impossible to keep them clean. They seem to me to get on comfortably enough."

MAYOR STON'S SKATE.

It's a Wondrous Stuffed Thing, Brought
from Florida by Confidential
Clerk Burrows.

There are skates and skates, but the one that Mayor William L. Stonor acquired yesterday is one of the most genuinely grotesque ever seen in New York. But the Mayor maintains his dignity and smiles as he looks upon its wonderful form. And he has made it the official skate of the City of New York, despite the Raines bill and a few other things.

The skate came all the way from St. Augustine, Florida, with Blon L. Burrows, the Mayor's confidential clerk, who has just returned from his honeymoon. When Mr. Burrows looked at this skate in the window of a Florida taxidermist he went in at once and bought it for the Mayor. Its family name is Rita battis, but several persons have all ready comprehensively called it "Jaggs."

It has an alderman's smile and girth and a kangaroo trick of standing on its tail. To be sure, it uses its two anterior fins to help maintain its equilibrium, but the marvellous effect is what at once impresses the beholder.

Mayor Strong, after formally recognizing it, placed it in a position of honor on the mantelpiece, right under the picture of Lafayette.

Two Aldermen looked at it during the afternoon. "One of them expressed admiration, but the other was indifferent. 'Oh, I had one nearly like that myself,' said he. 'And oh, what a time I had with it!'"

"It wasn't built like this one, was it?" asked another companion.

"No. Mine was of mixed race."

BAIL CLERK IS SUSPENDED.

David Anderson, of the District Attorney's Office, charged with Accepting Money. David Anderson, a bond clerk in the District Attorney's office, who has been accused of accepting money for "expediting business," was suspended yesterday by District Attorney Fellows. Anderson denies the charge, and says he will be able to prove his innocence.

LOVED HIS WIFE ONLY WHEN DRUNK.

And Witnesses Testified That
Michael McGarry Was
Never Sober.

Mrs. McGarry Is Suing for Divorce in
Oklahoma and Her Mother Is
Getting Evidence.

THE HUSBAND'S COUNTER SUIT.

He Replies to Charges of Cruelty with
Allegations of Unfaithfulness—Sad
Story of a Young Girl's Marriage,
Told Before a Referee.

While Michael McGarry, liquor dealer and beer bottler, of No. 415 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, and a kinsman of "The McGarry," of the Tenth Ward, that city, is pushing his suit for absolute divorce in the Kings County courts, his pretty, twenty-year-old wife, Marie, is rushing her own suit through the courts of Oklahoma. Testimony in her suit was taken yesterday in Howe & Hummel's office before Referee John Callahan. The young wife was unable to be present, but she was represented by her mother, who marshalled the witnesses.

Marie Guertiz was only seventeen years old when she met McGarry. The saloon keeper, according to the evidence, was intoxicated when he proposed marriage, and he kept in the same condition for many months after. His wife left him when they had been married two months, but after



Mrs. Michael McGarry.

a short time she returned, only to fly away again in four months. Her parents then sent her abroad, and on her return she went to Oklahoma to obtain a divorce. As soon as she heard of the proceedings McGarry began a counter suit for an absolute divorce on statutory grounds, naming Colonel Tambridge, of the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, ex-fire Chief Nevins and a young man named Jackson as co-respondents.

The co-respondents as well as the wife deny the charges.

The first witness examined before Referee Callahan yesterday was Charles Gross, of No. 2303 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn. He said he had never seen McGarry sober.

Hugo Henkel, of No. 85 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, gave similar evidence, and Louis Jackson, of No. 229 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, one of the co-respondents, also told of McGarry's drinking habits.

Henry J. Guertiz, a brother of Mrs. McGarry, and Miss Annie Guertiz, of No. 319 West Twenty-first street, added details on the same point. The latter said McGarry told her "he loved his wife only when he was intoxicated; that when he was sober he did not want her near him."

Miss Lizzie A. Newcomb, of No. 519 West Twenty-first street, said: "I asked him on one occasion why he had ever married the girl."

"How do I know?" he replied. "I was drunk at the time, and have been drunk ever since."

Mrs. Isabel Guertiz, mother of Mrs. McGarry, told of her daughter's return to her parents' home one night. "She was dreadfully excited, and had very little clothing on her. She told me her husband had just put her out of the house at the point of a pistol, and told her never to darken the door again."

The moment the depositions had been signed they were hurried down to the County Clerk's office and sealed. They were forwarded to Oklahoma last night, and a decree is expected in a few days. This decree will be used to fight the divorce suit which the husband has brought in Brooklyn.

TO IMPROVE THE PARKS.

Commissioner Stiles Thinks the City
Squares Ought to Be Made Much
More Attractive Than They Are.

Park Commissioner W. A. Stiles has a scheme for beautifying city squares and small parks, which he will present at a meeting of the Board as soon as he has decided on the details. Mr. Stiles thinks that Madison and Union Square parks, especially, are not properly laid out, and has been consulting landscape artists with a view of recommending the use of a portion of the recent large appropriation for the improvements of parks in making the squares more artistic.

E. Hamilton Bell and Daniel W. Langdon, the landscape artists, have submitted a plan to Mr. Stiles suggesting a remodeling of Madison Square Park. In their report to Mr. Stiles they say:

"The present arrangement is faulty because the circulation from one side of the square to the other is neither direct nor easily cut up by a double interior circulation of paths. It provides no flower beds worth mentioning, those that exist being for the most part in the wrong places."

"We would provide convenient and expeditious means of communication between one and another of the adjoining streets and a shady lounging place and a playground for the children."

Messrs. Bell and Langdon in suggesting these requirements say they have improved the course of the paths, at the same time making them symmetrical and have greatly increased the apparent area of the grass plot by suppression of unnecessary paths. They suggest the creation of a garden surrounding the fountain and the connecting mall.

The plan suggests a provision for a rearrangement of the statues in Madison Square Park. It is proposed to leave the Farragut monument in its present place, to let its back be screened by shrubs, was intended when it was built. The use of Seward and Conkling have to be used more prominent positions.

FLOWERS PEDDLED BY PADRONE SLAVES.

Nuisance Which President Roose-
velt Is Being Asked
to Abate.

Three Greeks Control the Piratical
Flower Gang Which Infests
the Shopping District.

WOMEN JOSTLED AND PERSECUTED.

When Arrests Are Made, Tender-Hearted
Magistrates Let the Young Ruffians
Off Lightly, and the Police Are
Unable to Control Them.

Upon the complaints of many storekeepers the police are trying to lessen the nuisance of flower-peddling boys who infest the business blocks of West Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. It would seem to be an easy thing to do, but it does not, apparently, prove to be so. The padrone system is unquestionably at the bottom of the business, and although Captain Pickett has three special officers detailed to look out for these flower peddlers, and keep them under control, the boys, by a system of signals and by the use of spies, often manage to avoid arrests for having been too long in one spot.

When from time to time these boys are arrested and taken before a magistrate on the charge of obstructing the sidewalks, they tell a pitiful tale of necessity and ignorance of the statutes and are let off with a fine of two or three dollars. This fine is always paid willingly by the men who employ the boys, and they come to regard arrest and arraignment in court as a part of their regular business.

Their immunity from personal punishment naturally increases the boldness of the boys in attempting to force their cheap bouquets upon ladies on the sidewalk. Women find them as difficult to shake off or drive away as a swarm of flies, and complaints are daily increasing against the nuisance.

There are three Greeks, genuine padrones, who have what is practically a monopoly of the business. The Nicholas Brothers have stands along Fourteenth street, where flowers are displayed, and from which the boys go to and fro peddling in small bunches. Each boy has a certain section of the sidewalk to cover, usually about forty feet in extent. He is paid a mere pittance for his day's work. The wages run from \$3 to \$10 per month. Most of the boys are ignorant of the language, and slaves in the hands of the employer. Licenses are procured for them by the employer since it is against the law to grant the privilege to minors or any but citizens. The licenses serve promiscuously to supply the various employes and are seldom taken out in the name of the user.

A. Freeman, known as "Greek George," who has a stand at the Grand Central depot, is referred to as one of the chief employers of this kind of labor. He is said to have amassed a considerable fortune in the business.

In West Thirtieth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, are a couple of shabby rear tenements where the boys employed by the Nicholas Brothers are lodged. Every morning the baskets of flowers are sorted out and arranged in bunches in the yard, and the boys are assigned to their respective "beats" for the day's business. There are some twenty-five of them, all Greeks, and most of them have been but a short time in this country.

The merchants engaged in the present crusade against this branch of industry assert that the entire system is illegal. They say that the flower stands on the street are placed there contrary to the law that provides that only bootblacking and newsstands shall be allowed along the city's sidewalks. The Bureau of Encumbrances has repeatedly been called upon to remove these stands, but the proprietors always manage to get them back again in a short time.

Captain Pickett, when seen yesterday, said: "I am doing all in my power to keep these objectionable sidewalk traffickers under proper control. Petitions and letters from the merchants in the vicinity of Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets are continually being sent me, but the matter is a difficult one to cope with. The offenders are never punished, except by slight fines, and these are always paid promptly by the boys' employers."

A petition is now being passed around by the merchants, addressed to President Roosevelt, which calls his attention to the annoyance the street peddlers create, and begs him to do something to overcome it. It is signed among others by H. B. Williams, 212 Sixth avenue; Thomas H. Lee, 221 Sixth avenue; Morris Welch, 229 Sixth avenue; C. A. Francois, 224 Sixth avenue; Heather & Co., Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street; Pritchard & Hamilton, Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street; and H. T. Stryker, 221 Sixth avenue.

Mrs. Fannie Bedell's Will.

Mrs. Fannie Bedell's will was offered for probate in Brooklyn yesterday. She left an estate valued at \$42,000. The sum of \$1 was left to each of her four children, Fannie, Daniel, Harry and Edgar, and the remainder to Mrs. Bedell's husband, Daniel E. Bedell, who lives at No. 85 Fifty-fifth street. He is a well-known Republican and a member of the Produce Exchange. There will be no contest.

A JURY DECLARES DANIEL LEVY SANE.

Isn't Crazy, Even if He Did Love
Harriet Lehman for Four-
teen Years.

Will Be Restored to Liberty as Soon
as the Verdict Is Cer-
tified.

CLOSE OF A REMARKABLE TRIAL.

Lawyers Say the Decision Will Revolution-
ize Methods of Dealing with Al-
leged Lunatics—Praise for
Judge Freedman.

A jury decided yesterday that Daniel Levy was sane as sane as any other man in New York, even if he had loved Harriet Lehman for fourteen years. Levy will be released as soon as the verdict shall have been certified by the Court.

When the jury retired Thursday evening it was instructed by Justice Freedman to return a sealed verdict. The verdict was not forthcoming yesterday morning, for the jurors said they couldn't agree. Justice Freedman didn't see why the question shouldn't be settled then and there, so he sent the jury back.

When the jurors had cooled their heels for a couple of hours they began to appreciate the value of liberty so much that they decided Levy should be released. At first only eight of them had held that opinion.

Thus ended the third trial of one of the most sensational lunacy proceedings ever held in the Supreme Court of this State. The first trial was terminated abruptly by the discharge of the jurors because one of them had been "approached." The second resulted in a disagreement.

It was the impression of many lawyers yesterday that this verdict would revolutionize the methods of dealing with alleged lunatics. Great praise was given to Justice Freedman for what the lawyers called his brave single-handed fight against musty traditions.

A GRAND NEW GYNECEIUM.

Women Architects Design a Fourteen Story
Building for Clubs, Studios, etc.,
Solely for Femininity.

Negotiations are under way which, if satisfactorily concluded, will result in the erection at Broadway, Thirty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, of a fourteen-story building to be devoted to clubs and societies for women. An organization known as the New York United Clubs' Building Company is carrying on the negotiations with the owners of the property, Edmund Coffin, Jr., and Douglas H. Schneider, who ask, it is said, about \$1,200,000.

A year ago it was reported that a syndicate had secured the plot, which is 100 feet on Broadway, 100 feet on the north side of Thirty-sixth street and 60 feet on Sixth avenue, and plans were prepared for a lofty hotel that it was said would be erected, but the whole thing fell through.

From the plans prepared by the women architects, Gannon & Hands, the present design is to devote the ground floor of the proposed building to bank, restaurant and store purposes. A theatre seating 1,200 people will occupy part of the first, second and third floors, the rest of the floors being given to club rooms, a banquet hall, saloon, club auditorium and parlors. There will be rooms for women's clubs on the fourth, fifth and sixth floors, offices on the seventh, eighth and ninth floors; music rooms on the tenth, a gymnasium, tennis court and ice rink on the eleventh, with studios and apartments in the upper three stories, and a roof garden and observatory to cap all. Turkish and Russian bath parlors will be found in the basement.

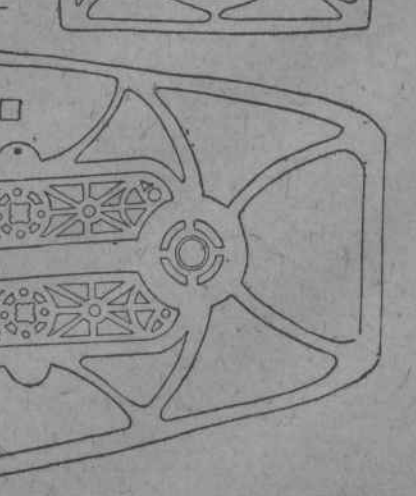
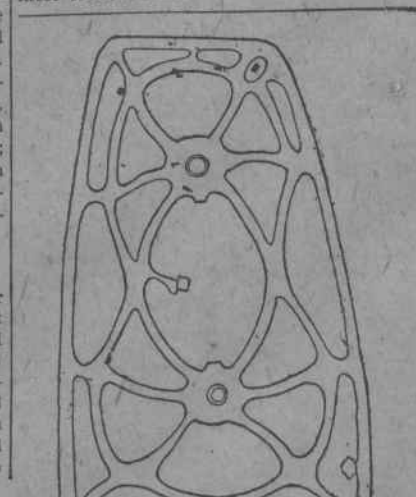
The architects estimate that the building will cost about \$1,600,000.

A SLEEP-WALKER'S FALL.

Mamie Hearn Climbs Out of a Hotel Win-
dow and Tumbles to the Street,
Breaking an Ankle.

Mamie Hearn, nineteen years old, narrowly escaped death early yesterday. She and Mary Kelley went to No. 23 Bowers for a lodging on Thursday night. They were assigned to a room on the second floor.

About 4:30 o'clock Mamie, who is a somnambulist, climbed out of the window and tumbled down to the sidewalk through the hole in the fire escape. A cornice broke the force of her fall. When she was picked up it was found that her right ankle was fractured. She was taken to a hospital, and later to her home.



New Plan For Madison Square.

Park Commissioner Stiles thinks the small parks of the city are not as attractive as they ought to be. With an idea of improving them, he had landscape gardeners draw designs for a new arrangement of the walks in Madison square.